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FIRST FLOWERS.

First flowers of the spring-time,
Bright gems of the year,

IT'S VERY ODD.

and his top were removed to their proper gymnastic arena.

"I am convinced," said the good man, when our previous conversation was related to him, "that it is vain to endeavour to teach a child the nature of those mysteries, which the intellect we call nature can scarcely comprehend at all." What we know is absolutely nothing; and we content ourselves, and look big when we have exchanged one word for another. We then fancy that we have discovered a secret.—It's very odd—very odd, that we should delight to practice a *double* deceit, upon ourselves and the world."

What could we say? We had just returned from a mental exertion, compared with which a voyage to the moon was as a "hop, step, and jump"; and what had we brought back!—"Words, words, words." Confusion wore a frowning face. It was evident that something was wrong. We turned—so we ventured to remark, that when we attempted to dive into the mysteries of creation, and to comprehend the wondrous works of Him who meeteth them in the hollow of his hand, all he could expect was to catch a glimpse of the leading principles.

"Rather say, the leading effects," observed the Rector; "truly, we know not the cause of any thing; yet we boast of our reason. Nine times out of ten, we are in the dark, and have no unerring guide; for that is ever upon the alert, while reason sleeps or dreams. 'It's very odd!'" And, truly, the Rector said right. It is very odd! that those, whose spirits seems composed of ethereal matter, whose intellects far surpass the excellency of the multitude; that those on whom reason hath shed her brightest beam, should yet, notwithstanding—all the reading, all the thinking, all the study, all the meditation, blank, and mourn over the frail wanderings of those whose endowments have made them as beacons for good or evil.

The Rector's wife is a good, quiet, amiable woman, kind-hearted withal, and spareth neither her time, her cookery, her advice, nor her medicine chest, when the poor are in need. She is almost always about the sick, and has almost worshippeth. But "it's very odd," we have, with our own proper optics, seen her dark eyes glisten, with an almost wicked delight when one of those tales, for which (we feel especially thankful) the tea party is more notorious than the breakfast table, has been poured into her ears. Why do we believe that she would be so much more anxious to hear of the risk of spoiling her best bonnet, could she, by such an effort alleviate the distress and anxiety caused by events, of which, under the name of "news," she delighted to hear. "It's very odd!" why—why is it, that so many ladies (Heaven bless them! We know their hearts are good and kind) should so greedily devour the particulars of the misadventures of their country and other abominable what-nots? And yet more odd is it, considering the mean and despicable nature of the employment, that scarcely a village or hamlet in the United Kingdom is without one of those busy bodies, whose delight is to convey from house to house, the story of all that is going on in the neighbourhood, and who, with a malicious and malignant whisper of "envy, hatred, and malice and all uncharitableness,"

"It is very odd!" that these creatures should meet with encouragement in any family that hath not declared war against the human race.—There, indeed, in such a circle, one might expect that the reason would be twofold, though the traitor could not be suspected. But that, to so calm a freestone as this worthy Rector's, to thine, gentle reader, a warm and friendly welcome should be given to one of these "*co-pheroi*," these scavengers of society, is, in truth, "very odd indeed." Yet there came to me one in upon me, even at breakfast-hour, the sacred "meal of friendship." Slowly the door opened—there was a rustling of alms and a "hem;" and then a loaned unblest figure advanced, making mouths of apology for such early intrusion, simpering, sideling, and apparently casting her eyes about as if, by possibility, she might expect to meet some of the good sinner in our sober party. We wished, for certain reasons as thereunto, and then mightily moving, that it had been a man—but such reptiles are of no sex—the creature had been out the day before creeping from its hole, "*Tape domi, argue foris*," foraging for a supply of alms, and then, "*propter nos et deos*," to appear. Scarcely was it seated, ere a furtive glance and "knowing" smile, announced privily to our good hostess that there was "*news*." A look of intelligence was exchanged between the two.

"It was very odd"—no two natures could be more dissimilar—but in making a salad, we noticed that the two creatures had been by the addition of mustard, and so—but, after all, "it was very odd!"

"A do that brings a bone to you will stee one from you," said we, as a young monger whelp (for our *reverend* is no aporaman) thrust himself to the hearth rug. "Well, I declare I ejaculated it in the bonnet and rustling all!" "I thought how it would be. I saw the de creature watching at Syms, the butcher's door, and I met that Sally, Mrs. Jones's maid, who was so pretty, poor thing! she was so young and saw her, and she was the shoe and it is not the first time. I'll venture to say, that she's be there, without any business, for I know Mrs. Jones always goes to market herself. So well done, poor Mongo!" Here it stooped and caressed the animal, but Mongo showed his teeth most dogginly; bravo! thought we: now, mongrel as thou art, draw! into us shall thou henceforth be, if thou wilt but make a snatch. Those five lean hags thought they be unworthy to be so near the fire, and inferred to say that withered hand, and yet, "it was we odd," not a word was said in defence of poor pretty Sally, who had no teeth wherewith to bite the slanderer, and whose character was at least, worth a bone. "Bone of his bone she be, however," said we, as we stalked away from the Rectory in no placid mood, and, consequently, deeming ourselves somewhat better than the monger, who was so much to be pitied that fellow Syms dare to play the fool with poor Nandy Nig's daughter!" and we grasped "grievous crabtree cudgel," which grated a right hand most crabbedly.

We had at then to think the matter over. Why was it, that, holding the slanderer, as we did, and yet do, in *utter* contempt, the slanderer should have wrought any effect upon us? "It is very odd!" but so it is, that a whisper true or false, aimed at a venture perchance a mere surmise—a something that would do nothing in any other case, if it light upon the name of a friend, leaves a mark upon the soul, a tablet of our memory, and however slight a mark almost imperceptible it may at first seem, will re-appear unbidden at some future time. "Shall we admit a doubt?" said we, "upon such authority too! No, Sally shall be as I am; let her be as she will, she shall be as we are." It was thus that we were so much circumscribed in our eyes, as when we first received her to the widow Jones; when she was

neither child nor lassie, and her only ambition and hope were, that she might be thought worthy of *some* wages, by which she might obtain a few of the grocer's luxuries for her poor mother."

But it would not do. Poor Sally appeared to us like one of those beautiful peaches, over the bloom of which the reptile snail had crawled, and left his slime behind. It may not be rivalled by any on the tree, but we pass by it, and no more heed it, than the farmer does the rotten apple. We care not to examine farther. The disgusting crawling thing hath been there, and defiled it. Alas! even thus it is with the victim of idle gossip, or rather, to speak correctly, of calumny. We look—we hesitate—perchance we pity, and then, like the Levite and the Pharisee, we “pass by on the other side.” And not we alone, the coarser and grosser portion of our race, but, “It is very odd,” ye see, the finest and noblest of spirits, the great, the good, the true, the brave, the generous, withdraw the light of your countenance. You are like the bounding graceful herd of deer, that roam the forest in passing beauty, surprised only by your own. If perchance the hunter’s arrow strike it suddenly among them, they startle at the sound, and, as though borne upon

the wings of the wind, scour over hill and dale, in wild dismay, dreading perchance the hour of their separation. But when the storm is over, they are again joined by that poor stricken one, that pants afar off after them in vain, and then, in tears and loneliness, lays him down to die unpitied, and, in a few moments forgotten by the world. When the storm is over, the wind brushed aside the underwood or cropped the mossy turf. The poor dumb animals are right. They have no skill to medicate the wound, no power to extract the winged shaft, and they know not the application of the antidote. But ye have power, and ye are aware that ye have; and, on certain occasions, mayhap use it wisely and well. Evert it then, and chase not the innocent and thoughtless victim, but, as the storm is over, and the first few steps of the young, friendless, and orphaned, depraved, and she who stands giddy upon the brink of a precipice, may often be recalled by the friendless, and the orphaned, and the depraved, be infatuated by the overbearance while ye are deliberating, rushing headlong to destruction.

Ye know how little we may do for the poor persecuted victims. Ye know that even the proffer of our advice and assistance *individually*, rendereth the breath of the slanderer doubly venomous.

Really, ladies, "it is very odd" that you do not combine to send these hybrids to Coventry. Verily, on our knees would we willingly go to crave such a boon—Away! away with them from among ye! Then shall the orphan be glad, and the "widow's heart shall sing for joy." For the unprotected, the poor, and her "who hath no helper," are marks for the bolt of the slanderer.

So, peering on these and similar fantasies and having narrowly escaped slipping from narrow wooden bridge into the trout stream we found our footsteps wending unconscious to the edge of the forest. "That's a little better," she said, smiling. "It's very odd!" The widow Jones can scarcely be less than sixty-five years of age, and we are—no matter what. It is no our want to visit "lone women," as they are called; and that may possibly account for our not being able to find any more of the spectacles on nose, reading the Bible, or, at the farthest, nothing less edifying than The Whole Duty of Man. No such thing. There were two spectacles, and there was the widow Jones in her arm-chair, with clean-starched ruff, cap and apron, perusing Moore's "Fables" of the *Nonne et le Pape*. *Nonne* translates "nun" was very odd!" If there be any invention in which an old woman may be ground young, must be poetry. The good soul was quite the extatics, and seemed essaying it to believe herself a sort of Peri—indeed, she gave us the name of Peri, and we were obliged to be considering all things. "It's very odd," thought we. We are not very vain; but we began to think of the Dragon of Wantley, and had soon commenced carolling aloud, "Oh, oh, M. Moore! you son, &c., &c." when we recollected our presence were. "What a good idea!" she may have been a pretty woman in her day; but certainly, hath now as fair a title to the Brutus motto *Fuimus*, as any of that noble family.

Alas, for human nature!—We had, in a moment of weakness, beguiled, partly by bright eyes, and carried away captive by "the harmonious sweet sounds," both which have a wondrous influence upon our usual stoical inflexibility, particularly after the day of Glasgow, and the day of the delirious honours, during our summer haunt, and brief winter visit by the trout stream,)—we had written some execrable rhymes in one of those man-traps called an "Album," which, gay and gaudy as the snake, reposeth in splendor in the drawing-room, at the manor-house, ever ready to unclasp and unfold itself to the dismay of loiterers, long, lingering, and now, alas! too late, to close, leaving as this book, achieveth unto himself, the average extent of which shall be about five miles in diameter in the country,—about twice the number of family circles in London, and as many "dats" in Edinburgh. Alas! the widow Jones had heard of our "original thought" she had never seen it. If she had, perhaps we might have escaped; but, as matters stood, we were obliged to write, and to talk, and to talk about the poetry for the first half hour. Then followed a rhapsody of "Paradise and Peri," and she subsequently seemed disposed to converse on any thing rather than (*per se*) Sally, who had opened the door to us on our arrival, and had "been running in our heads ever since. And is this, thought we, in view of the wife of poor Simon Jones, the Justice, and the law ecclesiastical? Who knew no difference between John o' Groats and Tam Shanter? Who had heard of one Sir Thomas Moore, but of Anacreon Thomas never? We would have been puzzled to discriminate between an eclipse and an epidemic? Unto whom the ink of enclosure appeared a finer composition than aught but an edition of "The Waste Land," appeared an indelible. Poor Simon! well it is that these thy bones are in peace, and thy plodding spirit roseth from his labours'; for, of a truth, hadst thou lived to see thy Penelope turn so blue,—worse than the blue devils with which we would have occasionally beset, what would have been to thy bewildered sense? What couldst thou have known of a careless wither as Simon would have those have gazed on her eyes? But this comes of "Reading Societies!"

"Pray," inquired she, most earnestly, though the thing was of the utmost importance, "have you seen 'The Lights'?"—
"The butcher has brought the liver, ma'am"

"Why didn't he come to the *front door*?" inquired Mrs. Jones.

"I don't know, indeed, ma'am," replied Sally; and there was a light in her eyes, the like of which I never remember to have seen elsewhere in bygone days.

There were only two faces in the room beside our own, (which we have not been taught much in the habit of scrutinizing,) so we looked upon Sally's: it was all beauty and innocence, and I could almost have sworn that this was one of my marrow-bones and cleaver. "It was very odd!"—What concern could it possibly be of ours if she liked the man of beef?—He had thrown as good men as ever we were, in our best days, upon the village green. Did that make me more polite to him? We were not angry we scarcely knew why, and cared not wherefore; and were resolved to have the matter set to rights, and 'sifted to the bottom.' So, when Sally left the room, we spoke of her to our widooness, now in her natural sphere, give us so, and on account of the lassie, that when we took our leave, and she opened the door for us, we slipped a halcyon into her hand. Bless her little eyes!—how she looked!—no doubt she was thinking of the marrow-bone and cleaver, and was looking forth with betook ourselves to the butcher's, who had arrived a few minutes before us, and was busily engaged in cutting up a lamb.

[illegible]

at the "grim and sultry hour of noon," reading a "primer" and "giving thanks for the day's work" were going "a fishing." It was not the way to catch fish, they were certain, and our basket was generally well filled. "It was very odd," they said; and thenceforth we were never expected to do any thing like any other. And, sooth to say, we seldom did; for the feeling of independence, as Sancho Pinza said of sleep, both "as it were cover a man as with blanket." There are, perchance, times and places when and where men must "mow, and then pitch the grin, and play the ape among the yellow-moss," but when the pure stream glides in its eloquent beauty, and the thousand graceful forms and tints of the waving foliage around, and the clouds sail high in the blue firmament above our head, our spirit leaps within us with joy and gladness, we inhale the free air of Heaven, ourselves as free, and exclaim in the fulness of our delight—

"Thy spirit, Independent let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!"

And we feel that we are indebted to and blessed by ONE alone—HIM "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

Now, if the man who hath lived an artificial life, till his enjoyments fade before him for weariness, so that he listlessly roameth forth, O Dear Brother, seeking rest and finding none, ever exclaiming "Cui bono?" doth not understand this, let him be of good heart, for "there are more things in heaven and earth than have been dreamt" of in his "philosophy." We too, "have heard the chimes midnight," and

"Run each extreme of folly through, And lived with half the town."

"It is very odd," that men should blunder abominably in their search after happiness. Consequences were given to us for the purpose of enjoyment, and our reason was meant to direct us. Well, "it is very odd!"—away we go, in the pretension of finding "Happiness, our being's end and aim;" by galloping after fashion, folly, and even vice; any thing rather than poor reason, who is kicked into the ditch by the wiser and stronger. "What do we want? And what do we want that do we with them? Do we not want to step in our power to deprave and vitiate the Steep-pans, and all the infernal "baterie de cuisine," are invented for the purpose of bribing the appetite to admit into the system a series of villainous compounds, that shall destroy the natural taste and relish for that which is simple and wholesome. The eye is tutored to judge beauty by Fashion, and to consider even lovely woman "frightful," if her head be not bowed up tight as the wax of a Burgundy cork, and adorned by lace, and jewels, and pearls, and pomatum, or, as that capricious goddess may dictate. Under her guidance, the exquisite and endless variety of form displayed in vegetation becometh rugged and coarse to the eye of man; and he planteth his trees in straight lines, and clippeth them into the mishapen semblance of birds, beasts, and hobgoblins. And for his ears he knoweth not what he would have. Could he in his fastidiousness, command the birds of the air, the rooks, as they passed over head, might say, 'I'd be a butterfly; I might as well warble, as I have wit. I was wretched, and blest!' and a pigeon and the ring-dove, 'Rookety coo,' 'I've been reaming;' "It is very odd!"

And yet this man! Phaugh! Foh! This the "similis Don" animal, who strutteth to fro on the face of the earth, "vaunting himself and being puffed up," with scornful brow & haughty mien, as though he verily believed it he had made himself, and all the vast creation with which he is surrounded!

"—Let returne the better world." We ordered the devil's head opning that Caneagua might call him mock turtle for to-morrow, viz. the rector, the squire, and the captain, are due at our cottage. And then, "it is very odd we knew not what to say next. Had we been intent on mischief, however, we are firmly persuaded we should have been at no loss; but thus it is when a good deed is to be performed

a lion started up in the way. It suddenly occurred to us that we might really be doing mischief, if there was nothing "going on" between the parties, should we introduce the name of such a lilly of the valley as Sally Inglis to such a long-legged hard-trotting butcher. Then, why came we here? It was not to seek a calf's head, for we had all we wanted in that way at home, and, moreover, we generally leave those things to the Gungunda. "Very odd," we thought, and we particularly noted the man, casting our eyes on the opposite side of the way, saw the short name and long pole of M'Nab the barber, the very man of all others, within ten miles round, to throw a light upon the subject. There he sat, according to his wonted habit, twisting a few hairs about, and composing lamentations over the days of perukes, caillottes, toupes, and the like. His face and neck locks had assumed a snowy whiteness, as though despairing of keeping up their long accustomed alpine tint from any extraneous source.

Now, your village barber, that is, he of the old school, for we never encourage your "Waterloo" cutting shops—your village barber is, generally, a good civil sort of a fellow, and one who has a right to a name which is in vogue with all the multitude of sinners. And so old Jerry M'Nab is a bit of a favorite, or "crony" of ours; and he opened his door, and stood with "plastering" eyes to welcome us, ere we had crossed half the space between him and the butcher's. Now Jerry is firmly persuaded, (that when a man's hair begins to "baldify," (that is his term,) it cannot be cut too often; in ten seconds, we were installed in his arm-chair, and one of his assistants, a fellow of a name which we never saw flourish about our peritumescence, was flourishing about our peritumescence. Such hath been the legitimate situation for gossiping from time immemorial, and we felt that we had a right to enquire if any news was stirring in the village. "None," was the reply and, unlike the generality of enquirers, we were pleased to hear that such was the case. But a wretched shaver indeed is he, who, when he hath got a man down in one of his chairs, and as we were, at his mercy, and under some such circumstances, says, "I have time to fill your time!" asked us of him of the long pole, (which pole, by the way, we opine to be a degraded remembrance of the caduceus of Mercury.) "Your regrets for past times would lead one to suppose that you had no earthly thing to employ yourself about." What is that little mess of hair that you were twiddling in your fingers just now, up to the corner? Eh, M'Nab? Jerry began to titillate the idea of our being ignorant of such matters, and he, too, our audience, began to state, that the making of "them things," which, he at length told us, were artificial fronts for the "womankind," was now one of his principal sources of employment.

"Artificial fronts for women in a country village!" exclaimed we. "In town we wonder at nothing!—all is artificial, fronts and every thing; but *here*,—and we were the fringed-lash-wearing, finger-and-thumb-sucking, nose-piercing, regains, or ought to regain, what old foolish hob can you find *here* so lauded as to be ashamed of her grey hairs, when *every body* must know her age? *Petty dress*, *semi-periwig* in contempt. "He, he," quoth Jerry. "If your honor knew as much of the women-kind as I do—" "Heaven forbid!" thought we, for the fellow has had time, wives, and, by all accounts, more than any thing else peculiar. "You couldn't wonder at such a fashion as this. But *this*," continued he, holding the thing up, between himself and the light, as though admiring his own work, "is a *front*!—a *front*!—a *front*!—a *front*!—but for the prettiest girl within ten miles of this place, let the *other* be who she may." Now, "it's very odd," we do not think we can possibly know all the pretty girls within ten miles of this place, but we can tell you that it is possibly for Sally Larned! The man of size

stuttered and stammered, and looked grave, and said that "we (meaning himself and the other three-and-twenty barbers of the district,) make it a point of *honour* not to tell," &c.—"Jerry," said we seriously, "this will not do; you know as well as we do that you can't tell us any thing you know likewise who recommended her to the *white* Jones—and, by Jove! she shall not be a false front." "Why," said the barber, "it was not Sally's doings altogether; but her mistress's, who said that she didn't like to see her come into the parlour with her hair in papers, nor get all hanging about; and that she had better get up with great deal of time."—"An old Jozzebel!" said we; "and no doubt she has got a better for herself. That's the way when an *old* woman once turns blue."—"Blue!" exclaimed the astonished shaver, "the *widow* Jones turned blue?"—"Aye," we replied, "blue as a *turkey bottle*."—"Then that," quoth he, "is a good reason for her being so blue this morning for rouge."—"Blue rouge!" we repeated in amazement; "blue and red!" and then, thinking on the extreme silliness of the old body, in thus exposing her folly in the village, when she might have obtained the admiration at the market town, we added, "and a very green too!"—"That's a very odd observation," said he, "and was evidently paid for."—"Blue and green?"—"Aye," said he, "blue and fooling to the top of our bent;" "aye," and Blue, Jerry, white as thy powder puff."—"Blue, red, green, and white! I can't make it out," quoth the barber, speaking slowly, and looking earnestly, as though he began to suspect that our "chief end of man" was damaged in a degree which

And they then went on, murmuring
"Blue spirits and red,
Greys a-spirits and grey,"
to the factory in order to consult with the good
lady of the house how Sally Ingle was to be sav-
ed from "three perils," the false friends, a blue
painted mistress, and a jolly butcher. "It's
very odd!" We men think, all of us at times,
particularly well of our own talents, acquir-
ments, sensations, &c. &c., but when, with our
boasted knowledge of the world, and "all that
sort of thing," we are at a loss, what do we?
We consult "the womeankind;" and lo! "the
godless knot they do unfold, familiar as we"
thrust the envelope from a maintenance cullet.—
The good lady did not obviously incline to
assist. Sometimes, there, she smiled upon her
countenance, particularly when we spoke of the
widow Jones's "Mooreish" propensities, but she
listened patiently unto the end—and then said
that the only subject of her fears was the
widow Jones's back door, which had not enter-
tained a male servant since she was a girl. We saw
instantly that there was danger to be appreh-
ended therefrom, and resolved to get it stopped
up. "They are sad things for servants," con-
tinued the gentle dame, "and have been the
ruin of many. The easy access afforded by them
to idle gossips intrudes a seduced, and then
a dissipated, and an unprincipled woman into
there is only one servant, as in the present case"

— We felt the truth of her observation, and not a little ashamed that we had been vapouring and

raped during all the morning about imaginary dangers, and utterly overlooked that which was real, the life reaped by observing, "My sweet mother, I have no allowances for what Miss Scraggs (if in the bonnet and silks) says—she is a little apt to see more than other people; and has been telling me a strange tale this morning, which really I can hardly"— "The words of a tale bearer are as winds," said we, "which we must do all in our power to heal," added the dear benevolent soul, "and I will not quarrel with what she says as she left the room, to put on her chawl and bonnet, to go forth into the village on her errands of mercy. And then being left alone, our thoughts wandered to the blighted dreams of our youth, to withered hopes, buried in the everlasting silence of the tomb. "Had it been our lot," thought we, "to realise those dreams, to wander about the world, and find that the cause of all this wilderness, far different had been our path of life! We might then, in our day and generation, have been—not like that stunted willow—left dry and withering upon the ancient bank of the river, when the living waters changed their course, nor like the hollow, scathed oak, which has been left to rot and decay, because the storm, though in mockery of its former self—but—no! It is a vain presumption! The course of man can be trod but once. What we really are we know but in part, and of what we might have been under other auspices, nothing." What strange creatures we are!—not five minutes before we were—*and we were in the same room*, we should have been delighted to join him in any gambol, for we love children; but, he came in then, and we took him by the hand, and "it's very odd," we clasped him to our bosom, and could have wept over him! Some—undefined, misty illusions of the fearful past were flitting before us—and we were so required for his "matrura," we rose and walked to the door. Yet we are not by nature, lachrymose. We feel that we are not, and know that we have much to be thankful for; but—at times when the mind glances retrospectively, bitter fancies will

"Oreosom is like a summer cloud,"
in our concert, and fancying unto ourselves that we know somewhat of the human mind) and yet, joy and grief come swelling forth from the heart, as from a spring of strange waters, why and how we know not. Who is there that can say unto us, 'Thou shalt be a man, a day, and no flower shall pass over me, soul?' Prosperity, contentment, and grief is brightened by the sunny gleams of hope. And what we call high or low spirits—whence are they? Certain events may produce either; but seldom is it that we can trace them to their source—and the strange imagination, the dream, the vision of the mind.—Can we control them? The most interesting occupied, engaged in the most interesting of their pursuits, have unbidden fantasies floating and passing before their imaginations. Even in those moments in which we determine shall be halcyon—calm and set apart from all other things, they are broken in upon by strange and trivial things? Dreams, visions, hopes, and reminiscences? The internal process of our minds is utterly beyond our comprehension or government. But of this we are assured, that our actions are our own command, and that we know all that we ought to say. We are like a man at sea. There may be rioting and carousing, thoughtless gaiety, melancholy and profound study, the timid spirit, and the daring mind, breathing defiance on its enemy even in slumber: these, and more jarring discord, may be within, while the vessel is tossed by the waves, and the crew is the turbulent and angry waste of waters. Reason was given to preside at the helm; and he, at whose breath the wondrous and complicated frame started into existence, and who launched her forth upon the deep, hath not sent her unprovided with a chart, nor left her without a compass. This chart the Christian knows. But enough, mayhap "some what too much of this."

The Rector's daughter Jane, has ever been a great favourite of ours; not so much for her beauty—though of that she hath enough whereunto to attract the eyes of the gaudy and the goodness of her heart, and that glorious overflowing spring of filial affection which shemeth the term "obedience." A dull and cold word, more fit for the parade than the fire side, which hearts are "mingled in peace," and every wish is "fulfilled in love." She hath returned from a brief visit at "The Hall," and walked with her mother leaning on her arm, into the village. We accompanied them, and met the Rector, who, as is his wont, had been visiting the sick, and comforting the widow and the orphan, in their various troubles. Far different were these our feelings from the former, and our observations which, in our previous ramble, had driven us from house to house, like an unquiet spirit, imagining evil in all we saw, and bitterly devising strange mirth at the frailties of our fellow creatures. A benign influence seemed to hover around us, and we were about to depart; and as we were linked in our pursuit with those who were firm in principle, and seclusion from the world, had enabled to walk in "the path in which they should go," and blessing and blast, to keep "the noisest tenor of their way."

We loitered along till we came to old Nanny's long house, and then the good lady entered and said alone. "It's verry odd!!" the older so people get, the more stupid they seem to become. Why did we not go to Sally's mother in the first place, instead of talking nonsense to old women and barbers! The poor woman is the widow of an old veteran soldier, and she has a son, George, at Burn's Hill; and many a day have they both handed us on their knees, and romped and played with us when we had acquired strength to gambol, and there was something hopeful about us; and many a fair prophecy concerning our future years, did they utter, which would doubtless have effected so desirable consummation.

Poor Ingles! He never got the better of the fatigue and irritation of mind consequent upon his appointment to the dignity of drill sergeant to the volunteers. His awkward squaddies were judged a disgrace to the army, and at first, for he had seen good soldiers made of worse materials; but he soon found that he was not in a barracks yard. The rustics would hide their muskets in hedges and ditches to be "handy" for the next day of meetings; and their objection to appearing in the ranks was far more annoying to the veteran than if the men had been present to him in anger. He did all he could, but, though some years had then elapsed, the volleys, which some of the "picked men" fired over his remains bore a close resemblance to a "feude joke." Yet, in due honor he was buried in the morning, and there was scarcely a dry eye around his grave. If he had a fault, they say it was that of spinning "long yarns" concerning the American war at the village alehouse, where he was as much misnamed as Falstaff at the Boar's Head: There he would, on rainy or stormy evenings, pass his hard bread and cheese; at my uncle's estate

* Proverbs, xxvi, 22.

Upon the step of a door in Front below Water street, and shortly after fell over and expired.

On the 24th ult. the barn of Capt. J. M. Childs, of Falmouth, Cape Cod, was struck by lightning, but it appears, was not burnt. Two horses were killed, and a cow much hurt. The contents of the barn were thrown to some distance.

Commodore RODGERS and PAYNE, Members of the Board of Navy Commissioners, are at present absent from the Seat of Government, on a tour to New Orleans and elsewhere on business connected with their official duties.

The new steamboat Columbia is to commence her regular trips between Baltimore and the District of Columbia, on Saturday next, the 9th instant.

A young man named William Bounie, the employer of Mr. Charles King, of Georgetown,

was accidentally drowned in the Potomac Friday evening last.

It appears, from returns made by order of the House of Commons, that the total number of steam boats or vessels belonging to all the ports of Great Britain is 310, and the number of 26,374. Vessels belonging to Government were not included in this account. Of the number the return 57 belong to the port of London. It also appears that 16 steam boats are building.

The Syracuse Advertiser states that a boat had been made in the canal close by the aqueduct, and directly in front of the White Factory in that village. It had interrupted navigation, and caused considerable damage. The breach had been repaired, and water let in on the 28th ult.

Pizarro was enacted at the Albany theatre Friday evening, for the benefit of Mr. H.

The Lynchburg Virginian says, that a h
Tobacco was sold in that town, on a h
last, for \$15 the hundred.

By an act of the New York Legisla
passed on Monday, the salary of the Chan
and of the Superior Judges is raised to
dollars.

The debate, at Cincinnati, between the
Mr. Campbell and Robert Owen, lasted
day, and ended on the 13th of April. T
hundred listeners are said to have been pr
The New England Farmer queries, wh
snuff and other preparations of tobacco, a
to vegetables, for the purpose of destroyi
sects, do not poison the plants?

The Canadian Printers are well paid b
Government of that Province. For publi
the laws, proclamations, &c. they are allow

dollar square for the first insertion, and cents a line for each continuation.

COMMUNICATION.

ARCH STREET THEATRE.—As had previously announced, Arch street boards graced last evening by a youthful and stranger, and the public gratified by the appearance of a beautiful woman and a most powerful performer. As a first attempt, the improvement by the arresting debutante was deemed the most advantageous and favorable criterion. On her first entrance, her distressing embarrassment evident, and betrayed its deadly pangs; but she overcame her countenance, in the rapid leaving of her body and the tremulous agitation of the tones of voice. This was naturally to be expected of a youthful female assuming so hazardous a task, and especially in a female unaccustomed

throughout the evening, as well as personal appearance, evinced those refined feelings in general are the persons alone of poignancy. As that personal appearance engaged our attention in the representation, we observe, before commenting on the merits of the performance, that nothing can be so majestic and queen-like than the figure, and that would be singularly well adapted to a part, for which we should think that, from occasional indications of *energy* there, from the character of *Lady Teazle*, during the acting, her powers are all adapted. Now we mean a complexion more beautifully clear than a more dazzling white. Her features are what are termed regular; but who could give that snowy forehead, and on that part, without feeling that the spirit of Ivolandine presided at their formation? Of her system we can give little information, as the

neral cast down by modesty; but, on occasions, gallantry betrayed their vivacity, and gave richness to the whole contour of the countenance. As to the personation, we remarked applicable to the whole, that spirit, restrained by timidity—liveliness, checked by diffidence, and energy, embarrassed by inexperience, were through and mingled with it. There was a little awkwardness betrayed in the use of the hands—a fault very common with persons addressing a public audience for the first time, never know what to do with those implements of action. This, however, is trivial and unimportant when so much was excellent; and so was the fault of stooping, at times, a little too low, arising from the fact of the dissipative size of some other performers. But we had all the truth nature that the immortal author has thrown into this being of his imagination. We had all disposition for tattle indulged in without ex-

all that petulance, all that good-heartedness, and all that coazing which women understand so well, played just as the fancy of the writer has designed and meant should be portrayed by Lady Teazle. In particular, what could be better, what more natural, what more real in the scene between Sir Peter and his wife than the third, where the soothing flattery of the wife so well played off, and where the interview terminates in that contest of contradiction, results so plainly from the deference shown by her previous indulgence, and the directions on the other hand vitiated by that means? or what could be more unaffectedly simple than the repentance in the scene with the generous and energetic abbot, and the boasted against the hypocritical Surface? It limits prevent more minute particularity, but she shall observe in short, therefore, that by-acting was graceful and well timed, and

perhaps there was too much attention and
liteness upon her part to second her
actors. That the effect produced was ind
upon the part of the audience by their
applause. That by attentive study, and a
initiation in the action of the stage, she w
come one of our most splendid and comm
actresses. And that we hope the entay

